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loyal; he was a man of fine business habits and won the respect of the community and of all with whom he had dealings. He responded to all the manifold duties of good citizenship, and in his demise he is sincerely mourned by a wide circle of friends.

His death occurred as the result of a lamentable accident, May 20, 1898.

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE ABERNETHY.

William Blackstone Abernethy, son of James R. and Rosa Abernethy, was, on his father's side, a direct descendant of the eccentric but celebrated English surgeon, Dr. John Abernethy, (a great-grandson) and on the mother's of the great English scholar, John Locke. His father went when but a boy to Missouri, where he laid out the town of Paris in Monroe Co., whose growth and progress he carefully watched and materially assisted. Here he taught school, studied law (in which he made himself so thorough that he was for three consecutive terms elected to the office of Circuit Judge.) Here too he established his home and raised a large family of children, of whom Wm. B. was one. His father was identified with the old-time Whig party, his belief in its principles being strong enough to prove itself by works. Several negro slaves coming into his possession by inheritance, he, some years before the civil war, gave them their freedom.

W. B. Abernethy was raised in an ideal home, one of a very happy family, surrounded by the best and most cultured people of the day. His father being a "born" musician, and an enthusiast in the art, which he also studied to the limit of his opportunities, his children were given every possible advantage in that direction, and "old settlers" there will speak in glowing terms of their proficiency both vocally and instrumentally, "but especially Willie, who used to be carried when but a little boy to sing in neighboring towns." He had two brothers-in-law, Messrs. H. J. Glenn and S. E. Wilson, who made yearly trips across the plains bringing large bands of horses and mules, which they would sell at Sacramento, returning home by steamer to make ready for another trip. When he was about 16 years old his sisters, Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. Wilson, with whom he had always been a great favorite, decided to come across the plains "for the trip, and Will must come with them," so in March, 1853, he bade

farewell to the East and came "over the Rockies" to California, reaching Sacramento, which was then almost the beginning and ending of everything in the State, late in August of that year. The Indians were numerous on the plains then, and the journey could only be made with large trains. The stories told by Mr. Abernethy of the experiences of their train were/of most thrilling interest, as were also his sketches of early days in the mines and on the great cattle ranches of Northern California, for, being a boy, with all a boy's enthusiasm and love of adventure, he wore spurs and learned to throw a lasso like the cowboys, and went prospecting with old miners with the greatest zeal. In 1864 he first engaged in mercantile pursuits on the Sacramento River, going afterward to the San Joaquin Valley, where he married Miss Laura Gibson, daughter of Rev. Hugh Gibson.

In April, 1872, they came to Los Angeles. Things prospered, the world went well until the breaking of the "boom," when reverses began coming, one by one, and then thick and fast. Business cares and crosses grew heavy, plans and purposes were wrecked, deep bereavement came, but he never lost one iota of his gentle sweetness, courage or faith. That he was a true Christian no one who knew him ever doubted. In talking with his wife not long before he was taken away he said: "Financially things have gone very hard with us, but I am not discouraged . . . I do want to have the love and esteem of my fellow-men . . . to be honest and true is better than any amount of wealth . . . I think, my dear, if I could only feel square with the world; that I owed no man anything, I would be ready to go to my long home"—and God took him, very swiftly; before the dawn of November 1st, 1898, while talking with his wife in his cheeriest way. There was no time for "sadness of farewell, no moaning of the bar when he put out to sea"—and there will never be any sorrow or sighing "in the presence of the King."